

Du. Sen. True is it, that we haue scene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore sit you downe in gentleness,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,
Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.
Du. Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone vnhappy:
This wide and vniuersall Theater
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, meere Players;
They haue their *Exits* and their *Entrances*,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His *Acts* being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurse's armes:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Lover,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Ielous in honor, sodayne, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice,
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes seuer, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hofe well sau'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunke thanke, and his biggemany voice,
Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange euentfull historie,
Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

Enter Orlando with A lam.

Du. Sen. Welcome: set downe your venerable burthen,
and let him feede.

Orl. I thanke you most for him.

Ad. So had you neede,

I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

*Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not so vnkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not scene,
although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Most friendship, is sayning; most Louing, meere folly.
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most iolly.*

*Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
as benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as freind remembred not.
Heigh ho, sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,
As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,
Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.

Du. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wherefore he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent vpon his house and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in witnesse of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night suruey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare about
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barks my thoughts Ile characte,
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest looks,
Shall see thy vertue witnesse euery where.
Run, run *Orlando*, carue on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressiue thee.

Exit.

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life Mr Touchstone?

Clow.

Clow. Truly Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a
good life; but in respect that it is a shepherds life, it is
naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well:
but in respect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now
in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in
respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare
life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no
more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke.
Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens,
the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money,
meanes, and content, is without three good friends. That
the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That
good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of
the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath lear-
ned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good
breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clow. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:
Was't ever in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clow. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clow. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge,
all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clow. Why, if thou neuer wast at Court, thou neuer
saw'st good manners: if thou neuer saw'st good manners,
then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin,
and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shep-
heard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good man-
ners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as
the behauiour of the Countrey is most mockeable at the
Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but
you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be vncleanlie
if Courtiers were shepherds.

Clow. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their
Fels you know are greasie.

Clow. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and
is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat
of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say:
Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clow. Your lips will feeble them the sooner. Shallow a-
gen: a more founder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tart'd ouer, with the surgery
of our sheepe: and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The
Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.

Clow. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in re-
spect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wise
and perpend: Ciuet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the
verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shep-
heard.

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.

Clow. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow
man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get
that I weare: owe no man hate, enuie no mans happi-
nesse: glad of other mens good content with my harme:
and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, &
my Lambes sucke.

Clow. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the
Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your
liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Bel-
weather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a tweluemonth

to a crooked-pated olde Cuck
reasonable match. If thou bee
diuell himselfe will haue no sh
how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Heere comes young Mr
ses Brother.

Enter Rosalind

Ros. From the east to west
no iewel is like *Ros*

Hir worth being mounte

through all the wor

All the pictures fairest *Li*

are but blacke to *R*

Let no face bee kept in min

but the faire of *R*

Clow. Ile rime you so, eight y
and suppers, and sleeping hour
Butter-womens ranke to Mark

Ros. Out Foole.

Clow. For a taste.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hind

Let him seeke out

If the Cat will after kinde

so be sure will *Ros*

Wintred garments must be

so must slender *R*

They that reap must sheafe

then to cart with *R*

Sweetest nut, hath sowrest

such a nut is *Ros*

He that sweetest rose will

must finde Lones p

This is the verie false gallop of
feet your selfe with them?

Ros. Peace you dull foole, I

Clow. Truly the tree yeelds

Ros. Ile graffe it with you,

with a Medler: then it will be

try: for you'll be rotten ere you

the right vertue of the Medler.

Clow. You haue said: but wh

Forrest iudge.

Enter Celia with a

Ros. Peace, here comes my si

Cel. Why should this *Des*

for it is vnpeopled

Tonges Ile hang on euerie

that shall cunill say

Some, how briefe the Life

runs his erring pil

That the stretching of a st

buckles in his sum

Some of violated vowes,

twixt the soules of

But vpon the fairest bowe,

or at euerie senten

Will I *Rosalinda* write,

teaching all that r

The quintessence of euerie

heauen would in li

Therefore heauen Nature

that one bodie shou

With all Graces wide enla

nature presently d